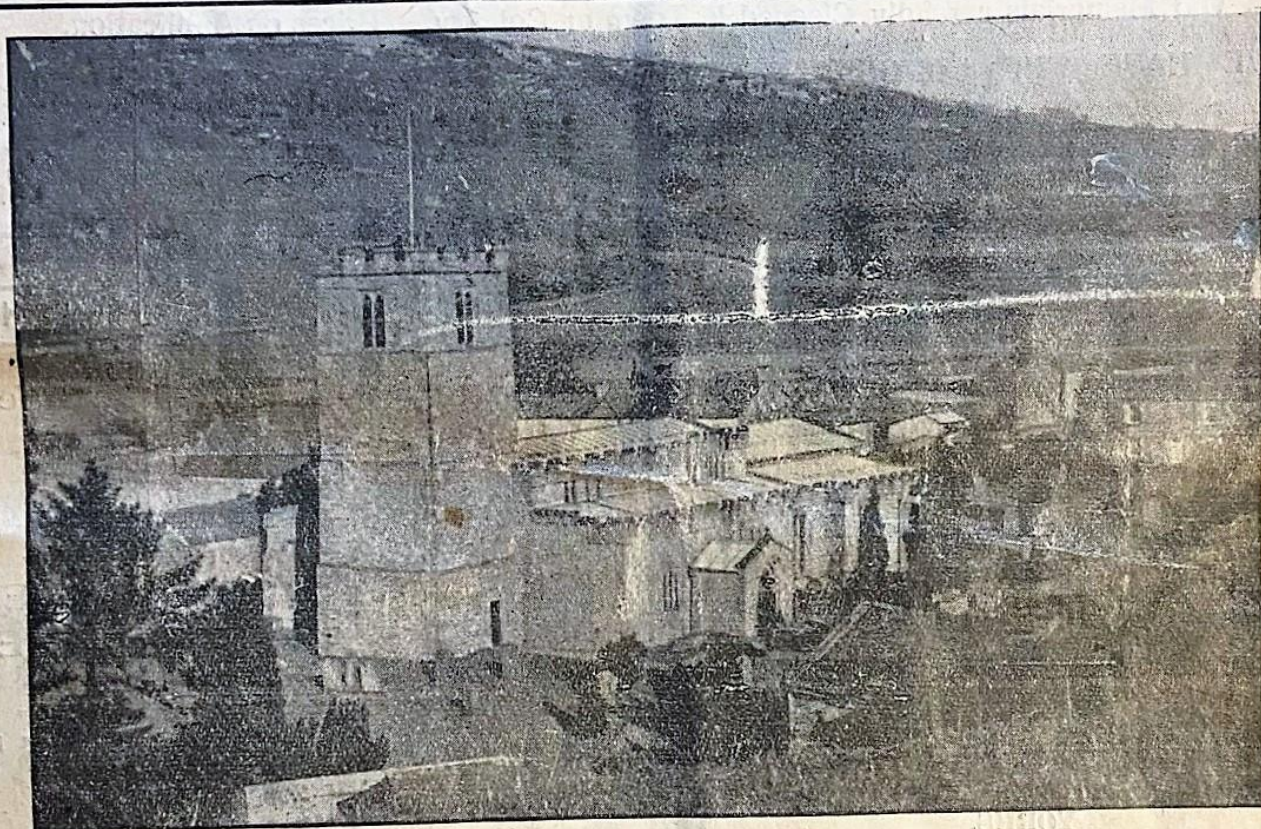


Richmond West Deanery
Magazine

Vol. 1, No. 5

MAY 1948

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Richmond West Deanery Magazine

1948

MAY

Vol. 1, No. 5

Editorial

We heard, during the war, an announcement in the news which stated that a Major Seagrim had given himself up to the Japanese in order to save the people amongst whom he had been hiding from further reprisals due to their loyalty to him.

Before the war Hugh Paul Seagrim would not have claimed to be a religious man. True, he was interested in religion, philosophy and politics but he despised the forms of organised religions. He was interested in the Bible as literature but it meant no more to him than good literature.

Seagrim stayed in Burma when the British retired before the Japanese. He hid in the hills amongst which lived the Karens, a tribe which remained loyal to us throughout. There he organised bands of guerrilla fighters ready to help when the British should return. He took one book into the hills with him, a copy of the Bible given to him by his mother.

The Japanese found out that he was in the hills with the Karens and they burned villages and tortured the tribesmen in an attempt to make them betray him, until Seagrim could no longer bear the sufferings of his friends. He gave himself up to save them.

He was shot by the Japanese, but his influence was so great with the Karens that later, when the British returned, they rendered the greatest service to the 14th Army by rising against the Japanese.

Seagrim loved the Karens because of their deep religious sense and their loyalty. He called them "God's chosen people" and their real living Christianity affected him deeply. His attitude to the Bible and to the Christian Church changed completely while he was among them and he became a very great Christian indeed. He intended, if he survived the war, to return to the hill country as a missionary to work amongst his friends. His influence over them was as great as their influence on him and they remained loyal to him in spite of very great suffering. In the end he died "Smiley faced" for them as they later told in their quaint English.

"Greater love hath no man than this".

Strange, is it not, that those simple hill men should teach the highly civilized Englishman what Christianity really is?

Perhaps we, too, can learn much this Lambeth year from our brother Christians of the younger Churches.

Notices

May 12th—Mothers' Union Service at Middleton Tyas, 2-15 p.m. Speaker—Mrs. Bateman-Champain. Mothers' Union members of Richmond West Deanery invited to attend.

May 21st—Missionary Film in the Parish Room, Richmond, commencing 7-30 p.m. Film on New Zealand and a Missionary Story.

The following Bishops will visit Ripon Diocese, June 4th—8th: The Bishop of Aotearoa (a Maori), the Bishop of Grahamstown, the Bishop of Mauritius, the Bishop of Whitby (formerly Bishop of Melanesia).

Saturday, 5th June—Service in Ripon Cathedral at 3 p.m. (book seats in buses and at service through your Vicar).

Sunday, 6th June—The Bishop of Mauritius at Richmond Parish Church, 10-45 a.m.

Monday, 7th June—Women's Service in Richmond Parish Church at 3-15 p.m. (cups of tea in the Parish Room afterwards, food should be brought).

Young People's Service in Holy Trinity, Richmond, 7-30 p.m. (for those who have to wait in Richmond, the Parish Room will be open before and after the service).

Please let your Vicar know as soon as possible if you intend to join in these services, so that he can give numbers to the Rector of Richmond.

Hudswell

A thousand years ago there was a village here, comprising a few houses clustering round the well of a Saxon named Hudde. Most of the houses were probably in the field now called Grange Close. The moor came almost to their doors, leaving only a narrow strip of cultivated land between the Swale and Middlemoor.

With the Norman Conquest came a great calamity for the natives of Hudswell. The northerners rose in arms against King William. They were defeated, and for punishment the area between the Humber and the Tees was completely devastated. Hudswell suffered with the rest, and almost twenty years later the Domesday Survey described the township as waste.

Hudswell somehow recovered from this blow. Houses were rebuilt, though perhaps not on the same site, for some time in succeeding centuries the Grange Close site was abandoned and the village moved east. That would explain why the church today is not very near to the village. It is the village that has moved. But religion was very much a part of the life of the medieval villager, not least because most of Hudswell now belonged to ecclesiastical land owners. The Norman Roaldus had granted part of it to the priory of St. Martin soon after 1100, and in 1152 the rest of the land was granted to the Abbey of St. Agatha at Easby. The relations between the two estates were not always marked by an overabundance of Christian charity. There were disputes about moorland rights which persisted until they had to be settled by arbitration in 1478. Middlemoor was awarded to the St. Martins estates; Hudswell and Thorpe Moors went to the Easby Abbey tenants.

The greater part of Hudswell continued under the two religious houses until the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. Then part of the estates passed into the hands of the Wandersford family. The remainder of the land found various owners, some of the St. Martin's estates eventually being bequeathed to the Hospital of Kirkby Ravensworth.

Hudswell in the Middle Ages was by no means a backwater. Two important roads, or tracks—Lancaster Road and a jagger road—passed fairly near, and tradition has it that there were several inns in the village to shelter travellers who found themselves here about nightfall.

For centuries the villagers worshipped at a church which was built (or rebuilt) in the thirteenth century. It was altered and repaired from time to time, and survived until the 1880's as "a very plain structure, of a much mixed up style of architecture". In 1884 it was decided that the church did not do justice to the purses of the worshippers. With a confidence typical of the age the people of Hudswell held a bazaar and built a new church. One or two of the interesting architectural features of the old church (including the present vestry windows) were accommodated in the new. The church has been well described as a "handsome edifice".

Hudswell could afford a new church because more use was being made of the moor. It is true that in the middle ages the moor provided turf and ling for fuel and pasture for cattle. But after 1807, when an act was obtained for the enclosing of moor and wastelands, land to the south and west of the village which had been waste was divided into farms and allotments, fenced in, cultivated, and before long was producing crops of corn instead of heather and bracken.

After this Hudswell was no longer a moorland village. Intensive farming, the growing of corn and the rearing of cattle, kept two generations in comparative wealth. But the moorland tracks lost their importance and became deserted. The village was no longer near a main thoroughfare. Then the short spell of agricultural prosperity came to an end. As the twentieth century came in it seemed that many Hudswellers must look for work and homes elsewhere. Fortunately, the coming of the bicycle and the motor car has meant that work at Richmond or Catterick Camp and a home in Hudswell can be easily combined. Village life has lost its purely agricultural flavour, but there is no reason why the influx of new blood and new ideas should not prove enriching and beneficial.

CATTERICK

Dear Friends,

What a grand time Easter was this year, with the church beautifully decorated by loving hands. The weather was perfect, and the number of communicants far exceeded last year. I am so glad to see the evening congregation increasing in numbers. I only hope it will go on increasing, but I am afraid the summer months will draw some away, especially during the cricket season. But if we put God first, then we need have no fear, and in a world

that has become so materialistic, we cannot but rejoice to see numbers increasing; it is a sign that when other things fail, there is still God Who is faithful and waiting to bless those who are faithful to Him. May I thank all who gave so liberally in the collections on Easter Day; after being with you for twelve years, that is very gratifying.

We held our Annual Meeting in the Booth Memorial Hall on Thursday, 8th April, when we had a good gathering of over sixty parishioners. We have now elected Mr. H. Hockin to be Vicar's Warden and Mr. A. Dunn as People's Warden. The Parochial Church Council was re-elected, also eight gentlemen were elected Sidesmen.

The Vicar thanked the Parochial Church Council for all their devoted service and advice during the difficult period of Church Restoration; the members of the Choir and the Bellringers for their devoted services. Then followed the presentation of a cheque to Mr. Steedman, who is retiring at the end of this month after thirty-three and a half years of devoted service to the schools and parish. Only those who have had to work with him know what a splendid work he has done, both in the educational line and for the Parish Church: for many years he has been treasurer for the church accounts, right from the Rev. Carr Smith's days to the present day. Then he was choir-master and trainer of the Catterick Choral Society for many years, also he did splendid service for the Home Guards. There is a proverb, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry". I am afraid we shall find the well of service very dry when he leaves us.

Then there is Mrs Steedman leaving us after sixteen and a half years service in our school. She has given faithful service and will be hard to replace. God bless them both.

We also presented Mr. R. Rickaby and Mr. T. Smelt with a fountain pen each in recognition of their valuable services in overseeing all the work of restoration of the church, thereby saving us some £300 in architects' fees. We do thank them both very much.

After the business of the Annual Meeting was concluded, we regaled ourselves with refreshments and then had a most enjoyable social, when everyone enjoyed themselves, Mr. A. Dunn being master of ceremonies and Mrs. Hanby as pianist. It is good to let ourselves go sometimes. Thank you all.

Now we have to welcome Mr. & Mrs. Davison, the former as our headmaster, and two new teachers, one for infants and one for the upper school. Mr. Davison comes to us with very good testimonials and is a young man who we hope will take an interest in the boys, for he is a footballer. We hope that they will soon settle down and feel at home among us.

We hope soon to have some new cocoanut matting in the Church to renew the present outworn matting, but, like everything else nowadays, it is expensive.

I am sure we are very glad to see Mr. Jack Lodge back again to keep our churchyard in order. He has made a vast improvement already. May I appeal to parents to restrain their children from using the churchyard as a playground. So many of the stone crosses have been broken, whilst windows

have been broken through stone throwing, and paths littered with branches torn from the shrubs. Let us all take a pride in keeping our churchyard as God's holy acre.

Will you take particular notice of the announcements both in the Editorial and in the Easby section of the programme in connection with the coming Lambeth Campaign; a notice to that effect will be pinned on the church door.

Will the Mothers' Union and other women please note the Women's Service at Richmond Parish Church on Monday, 7th June, at 3-15 p.m., when the Bishop of Mauritius will be the preacher.

Then on Saturday, 5th June, at 3 p.m., there will be a big Service in Ripon Cathedral, when two addresses will be given by the Bishop of Aotearoa, New Zealand, a Maori native, and the Bishop of Grahamstown. Will any wishing to go let me have names at once; there are a few seats in two Percival's buses, which will pick up at Catterick at about 1-30; fare 5/- return.

Then on June 28th, 29th and 30th there is to be a Missionary Exhibition on India in the Parish Room, Richmond, at which some of our ladies are helping at the various exhibition stalls.

Do please feel that you have a share in this great movement for the extension of God's Kingdom in all the world: for God is calling His Church to a new vision and a new faithfulness in which each one of us has a share.

Your friend,
R. F. BRADLEY.

Mothers' Union. On Thursday evening, 20th May, a meeting for the Mothers' Union in the Billiard Room of the Institute at 7 o'clock, when the speaker will be a West African native, who will talk on the Dean of Westminster's project for a hostel in London for African Students. This meeting is open to all mothers. There will be a collection for the student movement. The meeting will be followed by community refreshments.

On Wednesday, 17th March, at Gilling West Parish Church, the following candidates were confirmed by the Bishop of Knaresborough:—Misses Ursula Abbott, Geraldine Blakey, Barbara Gowing, Celia Lane, Gladys Stockdale; Messrs. Michael Blakey, Peter Ford, Fred Gowing, Fred Swainston.

Baptisms

April 4th—William, son of Robert and Mary Oyston.
April 11th—Ramond James, son of Arthur James and Ruth Brumby.

Wedding

March 27th—Henry Raymond Fraser to Kathleen Margaret Tarran.

Burial

April 25th—Thomas Barker, aged 71 years.

DOWNHOLME

List of Services

May 2nd—Evensong 6 o'clock.
May 9th—Matins and Holy Communion 10-30.
May 16th (Whit Sunday)—Matins and Holy Communion 10-30.
May 23rd—Evensong 6-0 p.m.
May 30th—Matins and Holy Communion 10-30.

Please note that Evensong will be at 6-0 o'clock instead of 3-0 o'clock during the summer months.

On Whit Sunday Matins and Holy Communion will be at 10-30.

Altar Flowers — Mrs. Clarkson

We are sorry that Miss Hall has been ill, and hope she will soon recover.

Thought for the Month:

"Be content with simple pleasures; abide by simple joys. Try to feel the power that is in familiar things; the charms of the wayside flower, the gleam of heaven, the ripple of the stream. These, because they are simple, you will find to be lasting."

EASBY with BROMPTON-ON-SWALE

Services in May 1948

Easby

May 2nd—Rogation Sunday—Holy Communion 8 a.m.; Evensong 6-30 p.m.
May 9th—Sunday after Ascension—Evensong 6-30 p.m.
May 16th—Whit Sunday—Holy Communion 11 a.m. Evensong 6-30 p.m.
May 23rd—Trinity Sunday—Evensong 6-30 p.m.
May 30th—Evensong 6-30 p.m.

Brompton-on-Swale

May 2nd—Evensong 3 p.m.
May 6th (Thursday)—Ascension Day—Scholars' Service 9 a.m. Holy Communion 9-30 a.m.
May 9th—Matins 10-30 a.m.
May 16th—Whit Sunday—Holy Communion 8 a.m.
May 23rd—Trinity Sunday—Matins 10-30 a.m.
May 30th—Evensong 3 p.m.

Skeeby

May 2nd—Holy Communion 9-30 a.m.
May 6th (Thursday)—Ascension Day—Evensong 7-15 p.m.
May 9th—Evensong 3 p.m.
May 16th—Whit Sunday—Holy Communion 9-30 a.m.
May 23rd—Trinity Sunday—Evensong 3 p.m.
May 30th—Holy Communion 9-30 a.m.

A Great Year. This is the great year of the Lambeth Conference. Hundreds of Bishops of our Church will come from overseas to the Conference at Lambeth Palace. From the Arctic to the South Pacific they will come. The Anglican Church today contains great national churches in Canada, the

U.S.A., South Africa, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand. Their Bishops are coming. The same services are said and sung in many tongues, communicants of every race and colour, hundreds of clergy of nationalities as wide apart as the Eskimo and the Maori, churches of every style, from the Gothic spires and Norman towers of England to the upturned roofs of the Chinese churches—"Our Church" is a mighty and varied family. Pray for a great blessing on the whole Church in this historic year.

A Great Opportunity for You. The Bishop of Mauritius is coming to Richmond. You can hear him. Book the dates: **Sunday, 6th June, at 10-45 a.m.** in Richmond Parish Church, sermon by the Bishop of Mauritius. On **Monday, 7th June**, there will be a great Service for Women in Richmond Parish Church at 3-15. After the service, at 4-15, cups of tea will be served in the Parish Room, Dundas Street. Food should be brought. In the evening of Monday, 7th June, the Bishop of Mauritius will address a Young People's Service in Holy Trinity, Richmond Market Place, at 7-30. This service will last until 8-15. Members of the Mothers' Union should gather in great strength for the Monday afternoon meeting, and all young communicants on the Monday evening. Do not miss this. Book the date.

Flowers for Easby in May—Miss Bickerdike.

Mothers' Union Trip to Scarborough. This will be on Thursday, 20th May. The bus will leave Richmond Post Office at 8 a.m., and will be in Brompton-on-Swale at 8-10.

Annual Vestry Meeting. The Vestry Meeting and Annual Meeting of the Parochial Church Council were held at the Vicarage on Easter Saturday.

The Churchwardens were all re-elected. The Vicar expressed thanks to all who had rendered service during the past year. The treasurer, Mr. Bell, reported increased charges on the General Fund. The Diocesan Quota is now 50% higher, with considerable increases in insurances for the churches of the parish, all of which will have to be met from the General Fund. As the whole of these charges, together with the organist's salary, are paid out of the Easby Church Fund, it was hoped that Brompton and Skeeby will have an effort in the autumn towards these very necessary and increasing expenses.

Burial

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord"
Bryan Hodgson, of Brompton-on-Swale, aged 14 yrs.

GILLING

Easter Day. There were quite good congregations and 130 communicants, a few more than last year and not at all bad for a parish of this size, but of course there were some I missed whom I should liked to have seen, but that keeps us from becoming content or satisfied.

The offertories reached the good sum of £13, a nice help to our quota which has now been raised to £15 15s. 0d.

Many thanks to those who sent flowers for the altar, etc., but I should liked to have seen more.

The Annual Church Meeting was held at the School on Tuesday, 6th April. The accounts were examined and passed; they show a balance of a little over £100. There are repairs which must be done when we can get labour and material.

Mention was made of the death of Mr. W. Wilson, and all stood for a few moments in respect for him. Mr. A. Lambert has kindly undertaken to take his place, and Mr. W. H. Pawsey was re-elected Parish Warden. Mr. Thompson, of the Bungalows, was appointed a councillor. He is a most regular attendant and an excellent musician, so helps us with the singing and is now getting accustomed to our organ, and we hope will be able to help us in that way also. I hope he and his family will be happy among us.

We are all most grateful to Miss Edith Deighton for being our voluntary organist for so long, but Mr. M. Lambert has kindly expressed his willingness to help when required. Many thanks.

The Schools. The Diocesan Education Authorities have now decided that our school must become a "Controlled School" in August, as we cannot possibly raise the large sum of £3,500 in that time and the foundation managers have consented. This means that in future there will only be two foundation managers and four will be appointed by the Local Authorities, and that teachers will be appointed by them, but all repairs and alterations will have to be paid for by the local authorities, which, I must own, is a great relief to me, as the rent of the School House is not sufficient in these days to pay for repairs on the house and school.

Almsgiving. Those who claim membership of Christ's Church should remember that this involves the duty to give, and to give regularly, to the work of the church at home and overseas. This is too often forgotten. People tend to forget the Sundays they miss, and are often content to put in an occasional sixpence or threepenny piece when they come. Most people could, and should, give far more to the work of the church than they do. Those who are earning money should assess themselves and set aside so much each week and give it regularly and gladly. God expects it, and one day we shall have to give an account of how we have spent our money. It is a solemn responsibility. People often complain that the parson is always asking for money. But if people gave each week what they ought to give, this question would not arise. A religion, if it is to mean anything, is bound to mean some sacrifice and make demands on its members. This will involve both almsgiving and work for the church. The whole trouble today is probably just due to lack of thought.

A.J.M.

CHURCH PICTURE PAGE

MAY, 1948

Flying Bishops.

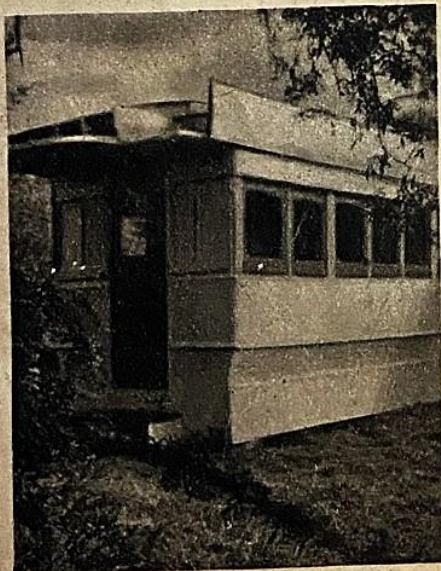
POSSIBLY, after the Lambeth Conference in July, someone will make a list of Bishops who fly. The figures should be interesting, and will make a significant comparison with last century's records of official episcopal journeys, confined, as a rule, to their diocese and to London if they happened to be in the House of Lords. The Bishop of Lichfield, who has written so often for our magazine, must be high on the list. Last year he attended the Centenary celebrations in the States of Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia, and made "a flying visit" to New Zealand at the invitation of the Archbishop.

Hornet's Nest in a Tower.

THE Exeter Cathedral architect nearly found himself in a hornet's nest recently—and not in a merely metaphorical sense. He and two friends were inspecting the 500-year-old Bramford Speke Church tower, and in one of the embattlements came upon the nest. It evidently had been a bird's nest previously, judging by the number of small sticks seen inside. Large hornets were flying in and out, so the trio did not unduly prolong their visit! The hornets do not seem to have been disturbed by bell practices, which had been held about four hours each week for the previous month.—R. C. COPLESTON.

Spelling a Saint.

THE parish church at Market Harborough has the unusual dedication of St. Dionysius. Four miles further south, the church at Kelmarsh, Northants,



Tramcar as Sunday School.

is dedicated St. Dennys. Still further south at Faxton, Northants, is an old 13th century church (now closed) whose dedication is St. Denis. It may not be generally known that all these three dedications are to one Saint. St. Dennys was a French saint whose festival is kept on October 9th.—P. AMOS.

On 2s. a Week!

AT Bingley, Yorkshire, there is a tombstone in the churchyard to the memory of Willie Shaw, "sober, laborious and faithful" who "at 2s. per week for 40 years maintained a wife and numerous issue." What would we not give to know how Willie managed to do it? Or was 2s. equal in value to £2 of today's money?—MISS UNDERWOOD.



Shakespeare's School.

SHAKESPEARE went to school at Stratford Grammar School, already of great antiquity, "creeping like snail to school", for scholars had to work twelve hours a day then, starting very early in the morning. The school was built in 1428 as the home of a religious guild. The chapel adjoining is still as Shakespeare saw it.—REECE WINSTONE.

New Zealand Sunday School.

"THE enclosed photograph," writes the Rev. R. de Lambert from Sumner Parish, N.Z., will show your readers that the Old Country is not alone in being faced with building restrictions. For our Sunday School we have an out-of-date tramcar, which cost £10—a gift from an interested Churchman."

A Family Record.

FROM London, Canada, comes this remarkable letter: "Sir, is this a record? Peter David Stewart, aged 1 year, of London, Canada, has seven great grandparents buried in Blyth churchyard, and three more in the cemetery. For more than 150 years members of the family have been choristers and bellringers."



Christ's Head on a Bench-end.

THERE are many beautiful things to be seen in the 12th century church at Bishop's Cannings, Wiltshire. One of the loveliest of the many fine bench-ends, covered with carving, is this exquisite piece of craftsmanship showing Christ's Head.—J. D. ROBINSON.

Boxing Day Custom.

AT Drayton Beauchamp on St. Stephen's Day the Rector was once expected to give "as much bread and cheese and ale as the inhabitants chose!" The custom was known as "Stephening" or "Stephenage." It was abolished by the Charity Commissioners in 1827. But the men of Drayton went on singing for years after:

"My name is Jim, the carter's lad,
A jolly chap am I;
I always am contented
Be weather wet or dry."
—D. J. SCURRY JONES.

A Modern Epitaph.

VERY occasionally, we come across a perfect modern epitaph. Here is one that I think we owe to a noted journalist. It concludes a sketch of the late Archbishop Temple: "Wherever he met or found a stranger, he could not help but leave a friend." Of another, it was recorded that "he lit fires in cold rooms."—R. L. ASTON.

6s. 8d. Bequest.

IN the Visitations and Memorials of Southwell Minster (Camden Society) is printed an abstract of the Latin will (preserved at Southwell) of Thomas Belfin, of Calverton, dated 10th October, 1499. Wherein testator "bequeaths to the fabric of the stone cross (*crucis de la ston*) in the West part of the town of Calverton, 6s. 8d." This is the only known local instance of a cross being "remembered" in a will.—B. GRANGER.

** For Church News six five shilling prizes are offered each month by the Art Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4. Photographs specially welcome.



African Troops in Palestine.

Britain's New Larder

By W. T. STRATTON

WE DON'T suppose that in the history of our island home we have ever been so food-conscious as we are to-day. Queues have taught us that we are dependent upon one another for our very existence. The British farmer, coal miner, weaver—we appreciate their home services more than we once did: we no longer take them for granted. But, more than that, we are beginning to inquire where our imported food comes from, and how more can be grown to meet our needs. We are even concerned with jungle land which has not been cultivated at all and that land is in Africa.

We recall ruefully enough what Kipling wrote:

"For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,

The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,

They are brought to you daily by all us big steamers,

And if anyone hinders our coming you'll starve."

It is not "anyone" that hinders to-day, it is lack of money with which to pay. Then how can we feed our hungry selves?

The answer is startling. We can go into all the world and preach the Gospel of Good Work. Assuredly, the Gospel of Our Lord, the Carpenter, includes that in the everlasting Gospel of His Love for men. Is it the great purpose of God that we shall be awakened to fresh efforts to carry out Christ's last command by sheer necessity—our lack of food?

Dr. Welch, once so well known as the B.B.C. Religious Director, has summed up the facts:—

"The world shortage of eating fats is now two million tons. Before

the war, one-third of this was exported by India; now the peoples of India need all they formerly exported for themselves—and no one who



Holy Communion on the shores of Gallilee.

knows India's need, and of her rising population (an annual increase of five millions largely due to medical and welfare work), will begrudge them that food. The African ground-nuts scheme proposes to replace part of what we formerly took from India by cultivating land which cannot be used by the African (because of the absence of domestic water, and the presence of the tsetse fly and of forest which the African cannot uproot). An unused 'desert' will thus become our 'larder,' and the

'larder' of the Africans themselves, who are threatened by famine no less than ourselves."

When we go into this uncultivated world seeking for food is it not our bounden duty to bring with us the Bread of Life?

We have asked the Rev. P. A. Unwin, who has worked during the war among the African tribesmen, and knows what fine characters they are, and how eagerly they respond to the Christian Gospel to give us his impressions. Here they are:—

"That vast continent does not consist mainly of bush to be torn up for Europe's needs by bulldozers. It is inhabited by millions of human beings who in their own right claim brotherhood with us. The growth of the Christian Church among them during the last fifty years, if plotted, would show a constant rise: sixty per cent. of enlisted men during the war were Christians. A colonel commanding one of the battalions of the King's African Rifles reported that he found 80 out of every 100 of his men were Christians, writing and receiving letters from home. Since the 1914-18 war there has been a revolution. The farther the men went from home the more insistent they were in asking for Christian baptism. They were separated from the sacred groves where, in living memory, sacrifices had been offered in mediation between their tribe and the Creator. They were far from the elders who keep and know tribal law; far from the beloved home-land where lie buried ancestors whose spirits are guardians of the soul of the tribe.

"Away from it all, for the satisfaction of their intensely religious natures, and for their mediation between themselves and God, they fled to the Christ they had vaguely heard of, and of Whom, now, they were constantly reminded, in their new environment, by its churches, their clergy, Cathedrals, Bishops and military chaplains.

(Concluded on page 39.)



African Troops entering Cairo Cathedral.



FACTS OF THE FAITH

By THE REV. G. W. H. LAMPE, M.C., M.A.

V. The Ascension and modern thought.

"WHICH clauses in the Apostles' Creed are based upon historical fact?" This question frequently arises when people discuss the great doctrines of our Faith.

What they have in mind generally turns out to be the clauses which deal with the Birth, Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus Christ, and especially the statement that "He descended into Hell." It is the last two of these which usually seem the most puzzling to the modern mind: "He descended into Hell," "He ascended into Heaven."

In both cases, of course, they seem to presuppose the old notion of the universe, a "three-storey" one comprising a material "heaven," a solid "firmament" dividing off this heaven from a flat earth below, and, in some region beneath the earth, a hollow place, the abode of the dead, called by the Jews "Sheol," and by the Greeks "Hades." There is the added difficulty of the Creed's apparent acceptance of a material "heaven" and "hell" in a material universe. It is worth while our noticing that, though, no doubt, in ancient times, as even among some folk today, many Christians did in fact so envisage the "places" into which Our Lord ascended and descended, the doctrines expressed in this spatial language certainly do not stand or fall with any theory of the nature of the material universe, old or new. As always, religious thought, like that of poetry, has to make use of picture language to express spiritual reality. Common speech does as much; we can talk of a person "going up" in the world, or "falling" into misfortune, without incurring any reproach from the too literally-minded. To the early Christians, the conception of Christ "going down" into the state of life of the departed, or of His Ascension to the sphere of the Divine, was entirely natural and expressed the reality of what in fact had happened.

We believe that Christ's humanity was real, and that His death, like His life, was essentially like our own. To the fascinating problem of what happens to us immediately after our own death, we have at present no answer; our faith is that Christ not only experienced the reality of human death, but also went through whatever state of existence it is that awaits us thereafter.

The Ascension, similarly, does not depend for its true meaning upon a physical translation of Christ's human body to a material "heaven." It is in

the writings of St. Luke alone (Acts 1:8-11) that an account is given us of the Ascension as a definite event, witnessed by the disciples. St. Paul did not apparently think of it in the same way. To him the appearance of the Lord on the Damascus road was not different in kind from the earlier appearances of the Risen Christ to His followers. There is no such break in the historical process as is envisaged by St. Luke. But this is no more than a difference of interpretation; St. Paul is fully aware that the Jesus Who was crucified and humiliated has "ascended far above all the heavens that He might fill all things" (Eph. 4:9). The vision of the disciples in St. Luke's account does no more than make fully explicit what is implied in the whole faith and life of all Christians. The Christ Who, in the Incarnation, "came down from heaven for us men and for our salvation" is exalted to the divine sphere of which the heavens are the symbol, to reign with God the Father.

The Ascension is the sequel of the Resurrection. His followers found that, in due course, the manifestations of the Risen Lord ceased; He was "received out of their sight." This end of His earthly ministry, and this parting from the disciples, are not described by the Biblical writers in terms of loss; the emphasis is directly contrary. It signified triumph, both for Christ and for themselves. It meant, that the spirit and power of Christ were available to Christian people in a degree impossible during the limiting conditions of His manhood; the disciples went back from the Mount of the Ascension to the upper room in Jerusalem to receive the gift of the Spirit at the first Whitsuntide. It signified too, the reality of the universal Christian experience of Christ, not merely as a great character in history, but as the eternal Lord.

For the present-day Christian, the truth of the Ascension is vouched for by experience. It is to the same court that St. Cyril of Jerusalem appeals: "If anyone disbelieves what we teach, let him believe in the power of the things which he can see. All kings lose their authority with their life when they come to die; but Christ crucified is worshipped by the whole world."

This fundamental Christian experience of the present active power of Christ witnessing to the truth of the Ascension is repeated by the present-day Christian as he affirms his belief that "He ascended into Heaven."

People We Can't Forget

By THE REV. W. E. PURCELL

Most of us have met at least one person we "can't forget." The Editor of "Home Words," 11 Ludgate Square, London, E. C., will pay one guinea for the best account of such an "unforgettable character" submitted to him in May.



HE was the bravest man I ever saw. He lived in a dim, rather dirty street, closed at one end by the wall of a mill. Number twenty-five was in the middle of the right-hand side, a door grimmer than the others, and with the knob unpolished. The reply to a knock was that voice upstairs saying: "Well?"

Inside, the stairs led directly out of a tiny living-room, and as you climbed those stairs you saw first the shabby rug, then the iron legs of the bed with its mattress sagging in the middle, then through the bars at the foot of the bed, looking through them as into a prison, you saw that memorable face.

It was a face of unconquerable courage, strong, heavy-jawed, pale, in a frame of black hair, a face which smiled and said:

"Hello, Parson. You from the Church?"

That was the first time we met. Afterwards he used sometimes just to smile and point to the battered chair by his bedside. You knew then that he wanted to be talked to and not to have to talk back because the pain was bad. That pain must have been with him every hour and all of every day of his life, yet he never mentioned it. But once, when the clock in our church tower had gone out of order he said: "What's wrong with your clock? All last night it never struck. I missed it lying here and listening. Those chimes are old friends of mine, and the tower's part of my view."

He pointed through the small window and remarked, gladly: "It's a fine view."

The long pale hand was pointing across the sooty plants on his window-sill at a vista of back yards filled with fluttering washing, at a factory chimney, at wet streets climbing a hill, at the Church tower in the valley. These he could see when on his good days he sat up. On bad days he used to lie flat and watch the clouds.

He was doing this one day when he asked suddenly: "Did you ever travel? No? That's a pity; it's a fine thing. Broadens a man. I was just thinking that those were the kind of clouds you see in the mountain country of Western

PEOPLE WE CAN'T FORGET (cont.)

America, where the Rockies climb out of the prairie. The air's so wonderful.

"San Francisco harbour you ought to see—the Golden Gate, they call it, and it's where the Pan American Clippers fly from to Hawaii.

"I haven't been on a Clipper," he said, looking at the clouds through his window, "but I can tell you what San Francisco looks like. Australia's a good country. In the interior of Queensland you can ride hundreds of miles and never see a man or even a fence. Off the north-east coast there's the Great Barrier Reef, all made of coral, and that's where the pearl fishers go. I can tell you—"

Then he smiled his gallant smile.

"You didn't know I'd travelled, Parson, did you? Well I have in a way. I've seen this old world a bit, this wonderful world—"

After that he used often to speak of his wanderings. And I can still remember some of his descriptions. He used to talk until the dingy bedroom faded from around us and we heard the rest of the family moving in the room below.

He was always excited by the sight of aircraft, and one afternoon when three planes hummed across the square of his window he sat right up, although it was one of his bad days, and stared after them:

"It would be good to have wings," he said, "not the wings of a dove, the wings of an eagle, like them. They're flying west, soon they'll be over—"

And then he gave me a detailed description of where they would soon be over, and of how they would cross the Midland Plain full of smoky towns, and then see the coast and the grey North Sea.

One winter day he went on the last of his journeys, and from number twenty-five in the dirty street there started one of those processions of which parsons see a lot. The death certificate said that he had been thirty-one years old. It seemed a short time into which to have crowded so much.

I mentioned this to a brother.

"Our Jim?" he said. "Until today he's never left his bed since he was fifteen. He used to talk about his travels, did he? Well, I can tell you where he got that stuff from: he got it from the public library. Travel books? He was crazy on 'em. Many's the one I've fetched—"

But it was not only the public library that showed the world to Jim; it was his own unconquerable spirit. And I feel that when he came to cross that river which Mr. Stand-Fast went over at the end of his journey in Pilgrim's Progress, "the trumpets sounded for him upon the other side."



The man who wants to know.

Photo by S. Hedgeland.

Mainly for Men

By THE PADRE.

V. Women and Children First

A HARD question for you this time, Padre. We were arguing about it at work today, and none of us seemed to get anywhere; so I thought I'd put it to you after tonight's choir practice, if you can spare a minute.

"I always can for you, Jim."

"Thanks, Padre. Here goes with the question: Why are women more religious than men?"

"Are they?"

"Yes, I think so. Discussing this today, we took it for granted that they were. Look at our average congregation. Look at those who do most of our church's 'behind the scenes' jobs—women in the majority every time. I admit it could be argued that none of that is complete proof of religious feeling; but it does mean a good deal. If a wife is keen on church work, and her husband is not, I say it can fairly be claimed for her that she is more religious—ormore Christian, I should say, than he is."

"All right, Jim; let's accept your assumption for the time being. But I don't have to be very bright to guess there's more on your mind than that. What follows?"

"Well, several of the chaps at work felt that this was a criticism of the Church—that it should let people get away with the idea that Christianity was sort of effeminate—all right for women; but having nothing much to do with men. Others thought the Church was being discerning, so often seeming to put 'women and children first' as if there was a shipwreck and they had to be first into the boats. So there—"

"Half a minute, Jim. Here's a question for you. Do you feel that about the Church? You, so well into everything: choirman, church councillor, and so on?"

"Me? Good heavens, Padre, of course I don't!"

"Yet you're a man."

"Undeniable."

"So that, although you're a man—and a fairly hefty specimen at that—you have not yourself, in your own personal experience, found any of these accusations true. You've always found much to do in your Church, and a welcome there?"

"I certainly have."

"But you did take the trouble to come and find out for yourself?"

"I suppose I did."

"And what about those others at work who were accusing the Church of having little place for men. Have they done the same?"

"They certainly haven't. But that doesn't get us far, Padre. The point is that they have the impression that the Church is a woman's affair. What can we do about that?"

"In the first place lose no opportunity of telling them how wrong they are. Which reminds me of an experience I had in my first parish. Every time I called at a certain house—and I always went in the evening when the man was at home—he would answer the door and, on seeing me, would call over his shoulder, 'Missus, the parson!' and then vanish. I got so sick of this that one evening I grabbed him and said 'What are you calling "Missus," for, I've come to see you!' He looked annoyed; but he was genuinely pleased. After all, he had a soul, as well as his wife. Two years later, he was confirmed. I shall not forget how, shortly afterwards, he came to me and said; 'Padre, you're the first one ever to guess how much I needed the Church, and how hurt I used to feel that no one had ever tackled me about it.'

"And he added something which I feel has a good deal to do with the question we started off with: 'Are women more religious than men?' He said: 'We men are so scared of doing anything likely to make us seem emotional that we hide our feelings at all costs. You have to tackle a man about his religion because he feels it somehow necessary to his manly independence not to 'come quietly,' but to put up a show of resistance. Anyway, I'm glad you tackled me.'"

"So then, Padre, you don't think women are fundamentally more religious than men?"

"Fundamentally, no, I don't; though it's dangerous to generalize, and there will always be exceptions."

"Then how would you account for the fact that we see more women than men in Church?"

(Continued on page 40.)

WEEKDAY PAGES

Monday's Washing.

Shoulder Pads should be fixed to your frocks and blouses by means of three press studs—one in the centre of the shoulder seam and the other two about 1½ in. either side. They can be easily removed on washing day.—**MRS. RAE.**

Wool Jumper.—When washing, to prevent spreading at the neck, stitch up the neck and stitch strips on each shoulder line of calico or silk. These can easily be removed when the jumper is dry. The jumper will always keep its shape if washed in this way.—**MISS A. JONES.**

Now that starch is almost unobtainable try "Lap"—what paperhangers use for paste. It is cheaper than flour and answers splendidly for stiffening curtains, table linen, etc. Pour boiling water over it as you would in making starch and strain afterwards: it will be like a jelly. It not only stiffens well, but irons better and cleaner than when using starch.

—**MISS BLISS.**

Unbleached sheets that are being washed for the first time, will become white if you follow my hint. Pour a tablespoonful and a half of turpentine into the boiler and boil the sheets in it. Rinse and hang out the sheets to dry. When dry, both the dressing and the cream colour will have gone.—**MISS G. MULLARD.**

Tuesday's Sewing.

Turning a hem.—When you are turning a hem of a frock, have a piece of cardboard the width of the hem and push in through the hem as you are turning it up and you will find you have a nice even hem.—**MRS. CRICK.**

Net curtains.—If your net window curtains shrink you can stretch them. When they are pegged out on the line run a brass rod through the lower hem. The weight will do the necessary pulling. When making curtains, always allow for shrinking by giving them a little extra length.—**MRS. HEPPORTH.**

Use canvas.—While curtain material is difficult to obtain, you can have dainty curtains made from ordinary canvas. Make up the curtains, then boil (allowing for shrinkage) to remove the stiffness. When ironed they will fall softly, and be quite expensive looking.—**MISS D. M. YAPP.**

When knitting gloves on four needles and the instructions say leave stitches on a thread, I have found that a piece of smooth string suits this purpose more admirably as it holds the stitches much tauter and makes them very simple to pick up again.—**MRS. E. SPEED.**

Wednesday's Nursing.

Ulcerated Throat.—Get an ounce of powdered sulphur from the chemist, place it in a jug, and pour on a quart of boiling water. Allow it to settle and when cold gargle two or three times a day.—**MISS C. YARWOOD.**



Puss in Boot.

Photo by E. E. Steele.

For Quinsey.—Soak a large slice of toast in warm vinegar, lay on an old thick sock or a piece of flannel, tie round the jaw over the ear or ears, go to bed and relief will soon follow.—**MRS. K. G. SAVAGE.**

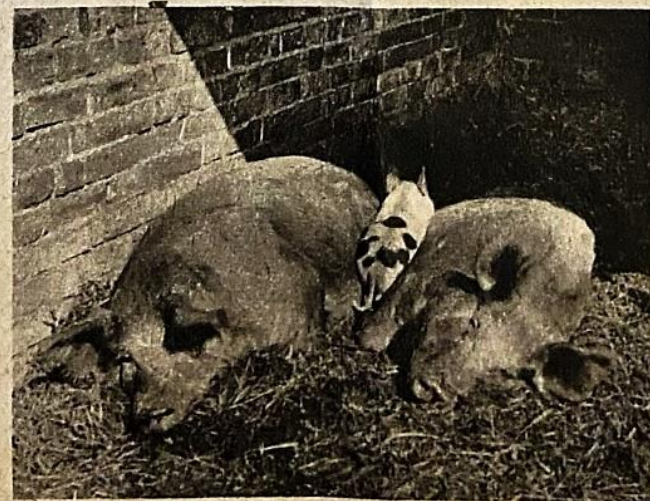
Elderberry Syrup.—Simmer and strain ripe berries, adding one pound of sugar to a quart of juice. Boil together till syrup thickens. Bottle and store. A tablespoonful in a little boiling water, with grated nutmeg is excellent for a cold.—**MISS M. MEES.**

Thursday's Cooking.

Gelatine.—When using, dissolve the quantity required in a little cold water before adding to the preparation to be "stiffened." Gelatine is liable to cause milk to curdle if added before being dissolved.—**MISS E. HARDING.**

When you make marrow jam, do not throw away the ginger, lemon peel and chillies, tied in muslin, which you use to flavour it, but keep them as they are, and use them to flavour stewed apples. You can use them about a dozen times, and they give a delicious flavour—a pleasant change from the usual cloves.—**MRS. WILKINSON.**

Insects.—When washing green vegetables and greens for salads, I always put them into warm water, when all the insects immediately drop to the bottom of the bowl. If the water is hot it kills the insects, and they stick to the leaves, as they do when washed in salt and water.—**MRS. W. H. DICKINSON.**



Little Pig on Guard.

Photo by E. E. Steele.

for Women with Homes

Friday's Household.

Cement is sometimes difficult to get. As a substitute take four parts of ordinary whiting with one part liquid waterglass and mix. This is quick drying and is useful for many purposes.—**MISS E. HARDING.**

Don't wash the bag of your vacuum cleaner. Washing removes the special finish that makes the bag dust-proof. Brush the bag instead.—**MRS. GREENHALGH.**

By sandpapering my clothes-peg from time to time I avoid the "snags" to stockings and woollen undies that often happened before I hit on this idea.—**MRS. J. FOSTER.**

Saturday's Children.

One of a woman's best friends is a roll of adhesive tape. It has many uses—for a cut finger, child's grazed knee, for sealing jars, tins, etc., labels on parcels or on children's coats with name and address, for repairing dolls if stuffings coming out, mending broken ornaments and so on.—**MRS. M. TALBOT.**

Crawlers from Sleeves.—I cut out shirt sleeves down seams, leaving required length for my inserted four inch square gusset, joined back and front seams and threaded elastic through top. Mine was an army flannel shirt with button and button hole to form cuff, and as I allowed extra length of leg for growth of wearer, when buttoned and the fullness falls over, the result is a lovely battle-dress effect.—**MRS. HAINES.**

*** If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11, Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during May. We offer six 5s. prizes every month.

A WHITSUNTIDE QUIZ

(1) "Speaking with 'tongues'" was: (i) form of religious ecstasy, (ii) gift of speaking foreign languages, (iii) powerful preaching?

(2) All strangers in Jerusalem could speak one language; It was (i) Latin, (ii) Aramaic or colloquial Greek, (iii) Hebrew?

(3) The Holy Spirit is called the Comforter, meaning One Who (i) makes life easy for us, (ii) makes us strong, (iii) teaches us?

(4) Certain Jews: (i) Pharisees, (ii) Sadducees, (iii) Herodians, did not believe in life after death?

(5) In place of Judas Iscariot the apostles elected: (i) Joseph, (ii) Mark, (iii) Matthias?

(6) "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" was the dying prayer of (i) Stephen, (ii) Jesus, (iii) Paul?

(7) A band of early Christians who shared all their goods lived in (i) Ephesus, (ii) Corinth, (iii) Jerusalem?

(8) The Gospel was first preached to non-Jews by (i) Luke, (ii) Paul, (iii) Peter? (Answers on page 40.)

"THAT GOOD MAY COME"

By P. HOOLE-JACKSON.

CHAPTER SIX.

AFTER a little while Braydon walked up and down the room; he had wrapped the shoe carefully in a clean table-napkin. The entry and exit of Vallys did not seem to break his chain of thought, but, during one of his tramps up and down the room he turned the door-knob softly and looked out.

"Come over to the settee by the window, old man," he said to Harrot, and when they were seated, he put his hand very lightly on the other man's shoulder. "Pretty hard hit, aren't you? No, don't be offended. This may be life and death in the balance for her—would you risk your life for hers?"

Harrot looked at Braydon. His eyes were of that blue the old novelists called "steely"; steady eyes, and eyes that men who had known the finest officers in the fighting line would have trusted. "You know I would," he answered simply.

"You've your work—your spiritual work, you know," said Braydon. "That is a great trust. Yet what I offer you is greater—far greater. Your work is as nothing to that."

"As nothing—God's work?"

"What I have to offer you is also God's work—listen a moment. Forget Zeleta for a moment. That will be hard, but she is a pawn in a greater game—a game which is a fight between good and evil. Your love may help. It must not hinder. Everything must be sacrificed for this greater thing. Even love—even life—I have given almost all except my art for it—and I would give that, though it is my only love now my wife is dead."

"Your wife?"

"She was shot—in-vengeance for what I had done to defeat our common enemy. Now do you understand what I may demand of you."

"You can trust me," replied Harrot.

"We know that. I dare not make mistakes. We had your credentials checked—and treble checked. The test of yourself as a man comes now."

"What do you want me to do?"

Braydon spoke in lower tones. "Just this. You will go to where you found this shoe right away when you leave here. You will take a revolver in your pocket, and you will follow the trail you will find leading from the spot where this shoe lay."

"Trail—?"

"I know it is laid as surely as if I had seen it. What it will be I have no means of knowing—and I dare not go. There may be those who know me all too well. We may be lucky. There may, as yet, be none who knows of me or even of my past work; but we dare not take risks. Well, you will follow this trail—perhaps there will be a torn scrap of frock on a bush. A handkerchief dropped and trodden in the mud—a footprint—without a shoe. Follow those. Sooner or later you will be followed, perhaps attacked—"

"Attacked! In modern England?"

"Gangsters in Bond Street," snapped Braydon, "man, do you live in dreams—there are knives in the dark in London—and poisoners at your elbow in the train—and here in wilder Cornwall do you think they would stop—even at murder?"

Harrot smiled, "You indeed offer me blood, tears and sweat—or worse. Go on."

"You are about Silas's height. It is not you they wish to trap—but him. Perhaps you can guess why. For the moment we will leave that. I want you to come with me to his laboratory and slip on an old suit of his tweeds—and you must wear his hat. Luckily you are both big, hefty chaps—it should pass."

"Now I suggest that you leave here in the late afternoon with Josh and a couple more men; that, together you reach the place where the shoe was found—that you then, as openly as possible, send the others off in various directions, with strict orders to wander about, as if searching, and then to make slowly for the village. What I want to suggest is that you are all searching, that the rendezvous is the village, and that you stumble on the false clues by accident."

"What if there are no false clues?"

"Come back—and I'll donate a hundred pounds to any of the Church funds you select."

"You're very sure—"

"So sure, I'll guarantee you are in enemy hands within six hours."

"You mean—they'll collar me?"

"I do—fight like blazes. Keep your hat well rammed over your eyes and don't speak—yell if you like, but don't use a normal speaking voice. Go berserk—and shout and rave—men in battle sound much alike. They'll find out you are not Silas in time—unless they are just hired thugs who haven't seen him. But—you'll be in their hidden lair, wherever that may be—and with Zeleta."

"You mean—she's being held."

"Ransom—more than a king's ransom. The future of the world may hang on it. They want Silas—they want his secret. What else I don't know—but something else—and they want that something very much."

"Is it some new and horrible weapon? Yes, I know about Silas's work in a way; but I thought this was the mystery of 'Search the Scriptures.'?"

Braydon filled his pipe and lighted it—puffing away, "There's a link somewhere. You can leave that part to me—it's my job. The point is, are you going to take this risk? I've spoken plainly. You may not come back alive."

"You said it was for mankind."

"I swear it—and if anything should happen, you will have been in the forefront of the army that means to save civilization—and that's Heaven's army. I'm no saint. I haven't bothered much about church-going. But it is the devil—or God now. Whichever the people follow in the next year or so will decide whether this civilization lives or dies."

He took Harrot by both shoulders and spoke in a voice that the Rector never forgot, "Children—homes—the lovely things of life—they will be wiped out in horror if we fail. Mankind is so blind. So bent over the muckrake, so much like lots of rabbits playing prettily by their little dens—and there stalks the earth an Evil which only a crusade can defeat. A few of us know it—millions sense it; we have the millicus behind us, but blindly. We dare not fail them."

"You know what will happen," he went on, "if the distrust sown bears its crop of tares—I need not pile on the horrors of atomic war—of bacterial battles. The end would be a few miserable survivors who would have to begin where primitive man left off."

"I'll do it—you knew that already. What about my duties if I'm held prisoner?"

"Of course, you must be thought to be away—I can fix that. Neither police nor village must hunt for you. If you can escape—with Zeleta, not without—then do it, and make a beeline for here. Find out all you can. Pity you can't sketch, but make a mental picture of every man you see. If you can't get away we'll get to you in time. I promise that. If we're too late—then they'll pay for it."

Together they passed into the laboratory. Here Silas had continued to work, even with anxiety gnawing at his whole being. On this day he had slipped over to Porthennot for a case of chemicals which he would not trust even in Josh's hands.

"Now I'll get the suit—stay here." He was back in a moment, and Harrot tried on the clothes. They fitted

THAT GOOD MAY COME—(continued). almost perfectly—an old brown tweed suit, and big tweed soft hat.

"The hat's a bit on the big side—all the better," he commented. "Now we've got to watch this part—I know, round the back. Here we are; out of this door quick before Mrs. Trevanna sees you. That's it. Now along the house wall—close against it—and we're out in the old pack-horse lane. It winds round almost to the back of the church. Go into the church and I'll send Josh and the men to you; then set off, keeping the church between you and the village, take the paths through the heather and keep moving."

An hour later Harrot, Josh, and two men reached the lane where the shoe had been found.

"This is the spot," said Harrot, "Now, don't forget the instructions—and not a word about this, as you love your lives—not even to your wives or sweethearts."

Tom Kerris grinned, "Not likely—the missus wouldn't believe me, anyway," and Jack Bareppa said, "We do know there's queer things afoot, Rector; I'm no fool. If this is helping that maid, I'm dumb." Josh smiled ruefully, "Marty won't be fooled, I'll have tortures unbelievable until you do come back. Marty do like to know what's afoot dearly—but if 'tis the first big quarrel us have had—well, quarrel it'll have to be. Good luck to 'ee, parson—now we'm off."

Harrot felt strangely lonely as he saw them slowly quartering the ground beyond the hedge, and then move away like hounds in search of a scent, as they had been directed. Then he climbed the hedge on the opposite side and stood in full view of anyone who might be watching.

Suddenly a thrill went through Harrot. Braydon had been right—beyond, in full view was the other shoe, lying against the green bank of the farther hedge. He hurried towards it—picked it up, and began to walk about as if searching for further clues. Footprints led over the damp soil of the next field—almost too plainly. Harrot began to feel a thrill in this queer game.

Again came a clue—a scrap of Zeleta's blue frock. But the sun was still high above the horizon. What should he do? He sat down, examining the shoe. They were not likely to be too near; they would wait nearer the end of the trap. On the fringe of the wood, just where the trail had led him, were signs of a struggle—there was torn clothing.

Plain amid the prints of boots was one of a bare foot—he stepped forward into the wood, and the next moment was fighting savagely against four men who had closed in from the trees. [To be continued.]

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

II. The Art of Living.

By H. T. INGRAM



FROM time to time science startles us with a prophecy that we shall soon be enabled to live for a hundred years. In the 16th century the average length of life was 20 years (infant mortality being terribly high); in 1850 it was 40 years, in 1870, 45 years and to-day it is 58 years. Suppose science is right and fifty years hence people will all be expecting to be centenarians. Will they really live more abundantly than we do? Life does not depend on length of days, but on what happens to us in those days that we truly live.

If you go to the pictures you seem to live through a whole lifetime in a couple of hours. You fall in love with the hero, know all the frustrations that bar the smooth course of courtship, face the stresses and strains of married life, experience tragedy and at last, it may be, come to the happy ending. Compare this experience with the leisurely reading of a book, or with the hours spent earning your living at bench or desk or in the open fields. Which is the real life?

Suppose when you wake to the fuller life of the world to come you are asked how long you had lived in the world that was once your home, it may be you will forget the tale of years, that you will recall all your treasured memories, your loves, and your faith in a great future.

Even in our earthly existence some years flash by at express speed, others are so slow-footed that they seem like an eternity. Some years are so full of love and happiness that they become dear friends, others so full of misery that they are reckoned thieves and robbers and the bitter enemies of our soul in the years that the locust has eaten.

In my last short paper I showed that science insists that we live on love; unless we love and are loved we are only half alive. Our very health and happiness depend on how much we love and are loved. Now I go a step further and claim that another factor, according to the doctors, in our healthy life is faith. If you don't believe in your doctor he is heavily handicapped in his effort to cure you from any malady. More than that, if you don't believe that God intends you to live "abundantly" you will quickly yield to the onset of the first trouble or trial that threatens your happiness. Faith is a very practical thing; it is not, as some people think, a

magical thing. Faith grows from a tiny seed, like the mustard seed of the Gospel story. It grows slowly, but it becomes a mighty tree in which blue birds of happiness build. It is like the "goodwill" of a great business: slow of growth but of lasting repute and value.

Now I go so far as to claim that the greatest factory of Faith is the chain of little churches, great and small, that link earth with heaven. The smallest church has an atmosphere of faith, and the quiet of strength, the assurance of unseen help, of eternal life already begun. Life is not measured in years, life is to know God, to realise that under all the temporal pains and problems there are everlasting arms. To believe in God is to have life, to believe that God believes in us is to have life eternal knowing neither beginning nor ending, knowing neither years nor days. If, as Christ said in the loveliest imagery, we are branches of a Vine which is full of life, how can we count our days in measures of time?

Finally, there is another religious experience which is vouched for by science. Envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness are deadly poisons. If you were greeted by a gossip one morning with the news that Dr. Brown had taken poison and was desperately ill in consequence you would be far more shocked than if you had been told that he had lost his temper. If you were informed, in strict confidence, that clever Mrs. Jones, was harbouring a grudge that amounted to hatred of a certain neighbour and was consequently suffering from a slow poison, "going into a decline" in fact, would you regard it as a case of suicide? Yet it might be.

BRITAIN'S NEW LARDER.

(continued from page 34).

"The young Church at home in Africa could not supply nearly enough African chaplains and missionaries to accompany them. It was difficult enough in 1914-18, when thousands of African youths were enlisted in His Majesty's forces, but in 1939-45 an avalanche of men had to be dealt with. They were used, not only this time in Africa, but in Europe, India, Burma, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, where they saw and came under the influence of ideas greatly differing from their own. The farther the men went from home the more insistent they were in asking for Christian Baptism.

"In the Middle East the demand to

see the Holy Land and its sacred sites was so great that a special African Leave Camp was built just outside Jerusalem. Through it, conducted by their own guides, thousands of Africans, from south, east and west, made their pilgrimages. Bethlehem they adored.

"The vast schemes of development, prompted by Europe's need, must mean a further hastening of the break-up of the old and consequent quickening need for the new. Thousands of African labourers and technicians will be recruited and used far from their homes. It is at once the Church's opportunity and duty, both to shepherd and to satisfy the religious needs of those who seek our help.

"Only if this is fulfilled can the Christian Church contemplate with equanimity this further exploitation of Africa."

MAINLY FOR MEN
Continued from page 36.

"I'll answer that in a minute. But first let me get in two other important points. The fact that women preponderate is not necessarily an adverse criticism. The feminine soul is every bit as precious in the sight of God as the male, and *vice versa*. Secondly, we have to remember, and be proud of the truth, that our Christian faith has always given especial honour to woman, in marked distinction to other faiths, notably Oriental ones. They were mostly women, remember, at the foot of the cross when Our Lord was crucified. Now, as to your question: I think there is a whole variety of reasons why we tend to see more women than men in church. Here are a few. There are more women than men in the population. Also, women

being on the whole of a gentle and more devotional nature, are more naturally open to the appeal of worship. Further, as so many of them have intimate family cares as their daily occupation, they can take naturally to the idea of the Church as the family of God, and feel at home in worshipping there.

"Above all, Jim, women have never made the silly mistake—as so many of our sex have—of thinking themselves somehow superior to the things of Almighty God. I honestly think it's our fellow men, and not the Church at all, who are mostly to blame here. As you've found, once a man plays the game by his Church he soon finds there's not much truth in the accusation of 'women and children first.'"

Quiz Answers: (1) i, (2) ii, (3) ii, (4) ii, (5) iii, (6) i, (7) iii, (8) ii. (Page 37).

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The Purpose of Life. Christianity asserts that man has been created for a purpose and that life, therefore, has a meaning. Man exists so that he may live and obey God, that he may become a son of God and live as such; that he may work in service with his fellow-men to make this world what God intended it to be, and that he may finally inherit Eternal Life. It is this faith which makes man of value, which calls him to work for the good of his fellows, which gives him the right to freedom, which inspires him with hope, and enables him to look forward to a future, not necessarily in this world, in which there will be found perfect righteousness and love. With its insistence on man's personal responsibility to God it is a faith which calls for enthusiasm and sacrifice in loyalty to Christ and His Church. Many people today do not honour the faith to which they are committed, nor the reason for it, and are unable to defend or stand up for it before the world.

A.J.M.

GRINTON with MARRICK

Services for the Month

- May 2nd—Holy Communion 11-0; Evening Prayer 6-30.
- May 16th—Whit Sunday—Holy Communion 8-0; Morning Prayer and Holy Communion 11-0; Evening Prayer 6-30.
- Other Sundays—Holy Communion 8-0; Morning Prayer 11-0; Evening Prayer 6-30.
- Ascension Day—Boys and Girls 9-0; Holy Communion 10-5; Evening Prayer 7-30.

On the last two Sundays in May the services will be taken by the Rev. J. Cattell.

Vestry. Mr. Merry and Mr. H. Blenkiron were again re-elected as Churchwardens.

Organ Fund. Gifts to the amount of £22 10s. 0d. have been received, bringing the total so far raised to £46 6s. 0d.

Lambeth Campaign. An interesting lantern lecture entitled "Lambeth Calls" was given by the Rector of Richmond. We are grateful to him and to the lantern operator, Mr. Patten, for coming and giving us this start. Some who were present have followed up the lecture by meeting for study of the book "Lambeth Calls", which should appeal to every keen and large-minded churchman. It is hoped to continue the meetings until May 13th.

Holy Baptism

April 4th—Pauline Christine, daughter of Cecil H. J. and Evelyn Jeffryes.

Burial

April 2nd—Edith Wheelright, Lower Hollins, New Forest, aged 77 years.

Young Wives will meet at the Vicarage on Tuesday, 4th May, at 2-30 p.m.

Mothers' Union will meet at the Vicarage on Tuesday, 11th May, at 2-30, when we hope to have a speaker.

Altar Flowers up to Whitsuntide—Miss Wood and Miss Halsey; May 23rd Miss Griffin; May 30th Miss D. Baker.

Marrick. At the Annual Church Meeting the Balance Sheet, showing a balance in hand, was passed, with a vote of thanks to the Hon. Treasurer, Miss Trowsdale. Mr. William Ellerton, Jnr., was re-elected Churchwarden.

We intend to hold the Annual Service at the Abbey Church on Whit Sunday at 3-0 p.m. The preacher will be the Rev. C. O. Kennedy, Vicar of Kirkby Ravensworth.

HUDSWELL

List of Services

- May 2nd—Matins and Holy Communion 10-30; Evensong 7-0.
- May 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th—Holy Communion 8 o'clock; Evensong 7 o'clock.

Mothers' Union. A good number of the Mothers' Union attended the Deanery Service of the Union in Richmond Parish Church on Lady Day. An inspiring Service was held, and I feel sure all would benefit from it. The preacher was the Rev. W. S. Macpherson.

The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, 4th May, at 2-30 p.m. Corporate Communion—9th May.

A Whist Drive was held on 9th April for the Choir Summer Outing. Proceeds as follows:—Whist £2 14s. 0d., Subscription 1/-, Cakes 6d., Total £2 15s. 6d. Expenses:—School 6s., Caretaker 4s., Boiler 1s., leaving a balance of £2 4s. 6d. paid into the bank.

We are indebted to Mr. T. Carr for his article on Hudswell in this month's magazine.

Flowers for the Month—Mrs. Carr.

Sidesman on Duty—Mr. Brown.

Burial

April 26th—Ian Edward Close, aged 7½ hours.

KIRKBY RAVENSWORTH

Dear Friends,

Easter has passed once again and it has been a good Easter. This year more of our people came to Holy Communion than at any time during the past seventeen years, and almost twice as many as came last year.

It is a grand thing that so many came to our Lord's Table to draw upon His life and power. We pray that this may be kept up and that it is the beginning of new spiritual life in this parish as, indeed, such a good witness may well be.

Your friend and Vicar,

C. O. KENNEDY.

Annual Parochial Church Meeting. The following were elected to the Church Council: Mrs. O'Connell, Mrs. Raine, Messrs. H. Raine, S. Powell, W. Webb, H. Smith, T. Robinson, Menzies; Ex-officio, J. Bowe. Churchwardens: B. Johnson, H. H. Hart, T. Raine, T. W. Metcalfe. Treasurer, J. J. Jones; Secretary, Mrs. Kennedy.

Church Spring-Cleaning, May 11th and 12th. Volunteers are required to help spring-clean the church on these two days. We hope for the help of more men than we had last year. Men on May 11th from 7-30 p.m. Ladies all day May 12th.

.....**Boys' Club.** There will be a meeting in Ravensworth School on Tuesday, 18th May, at 7 p.m., to discuss the formation of an organisation for boys. All boys over 12 years old should come and give their opinion as to the kind of organisation they would like.

The Bishop at Kirkby Ravensworth. The Bishop will stay in the parish from May 31st to June 2nd, and opportunity will be made for as many of our people as possible to meet him. Details will be announced later. We shall be very glad to welcome our Bishop here.

Missionary Boxes. Will all who have Missionary Boxes please send them in to Mrs. Jones before 16th May.

Services for May

May 1st—SS. Philip and James—8 a.m. Holy Communion—The Parish Church.

May 2nd—Rogation Sunday—Special Service 11 a.m.—The Parish Church.

May 6th (Thursday)—Ascension Day—Holy Communion 8 a.m.; Evening Prayer 7-30 p.m.—The Parish Church.

May 16th—Whit Sunday—Collections all day for Clergy Widows and Orphans Fund. 3-30 p.m. Rev. A. J. Meek at Dalton Church.

May 24th—Empire Day—Evening Service at the Parish Church 7-30 p.m.

May 31st (Monday)—Evening Service at the Parish Church. Preacher—the Bishop of Ripon, followed by Social.

Holy Communion

The Parish Church—May 2nd (Rogation Sunday) 8 a.m.; May 9th Noon; May 16th (Whit Sunday) 8 a.m.; May 23rd (Trinity Sunday) 8 a.m. and 7-30 p.m.

Dalton Church—May 2nd 9 a.m.; May 16th 3-30 p.m.
Newsham—May 16th 9 a.m.

Other Services

The Parish Church—Every Sunday: 11 a.m. Morning Prayer; 6-30 p.m. Evening Prayer.

Dalton Church—Every Sunday: 3-30 p.m.

Newsham—Every Wednesday 7 p.m.

Baptisms

February 22nd—Rita Mary, daughter of Thomas Herbert and Emily Gill, of Whashton.

April 11th—Kathleen, daughter of Harold and Amy Darke, of Dalton.

MARSKE

The Annual Church Meeting was held in the School on April 2nd. The attendance was poor, which may, or may not, have been due to the very wet evening. Mr. Welburn was re-appointed Rector's Warden, and Mr. Fawcett re-elected People's Warden. The Parochial Church Council was re-elected en bloc.

The Sidesmen, Mr. John Fawcett, Mr. Maurice Simpson and Mr. Percy Fawcett, were re-elected, with the addition of Mr. Ronnie Simpson. The Sidesmen's chief duty is to take the alms—in the case of Marske, at Evensong. As a venture of faith, I have published the Sundays on which each one should take duty. It would be very gratifying if these dates were noted and this small duty done.

May Services

May 2nd—Rogation Sunday—8 a.m. Holy Communion; 11-0 Matins; 7-0 Evensong.

May 6th—Ascension Day—7-30 Holy Communion.

May 9th—Sunday after Ascension—11-0 Matins with Holy Communion; 7-0 Evensong.

May 16th—Whit Sunday—8-0 Holy Communion; 11-0 Matins; 12-0 Holy Communion; 7-0 Evensong.

May 23rd—Trinity Sunday—11-0 Matins with Holy Communion; 7-0 Evensong.

Sunday School every Sunday at 2-30 p.m.

The following dates are assigned to Sidesmen on duty:—

May 2nd—Mr. John Fawcett

May 9th—Mr. Maurice Simpson.

May 16th—Mr. Percy Fawcett.

May 23rd—Mr. Ronnie Simpson.

A successful **Whist Drive and Dance** was held on April 6th which realised £7. Mr. Hill was M.C.; Mr. Shafto and Mr. John Fawcett did the advertising; Mr. Welburn looked after the door, and the P.C.C. ladies served the refreshments. Our thanks to all who so liberally gave food.

The church has been re-decorated and thoroughly cleaned, the windows re-leaded and the roof repaired. The urgent need now is a small organ for the chancel, which we hope soon to obtain. At the moment music is lacking at the Children's Services, the organ being too heavy for children to blow. New lamps will be required before the autumn. The present lighting system just refuses to work; the lamps are not to be trusted.

At the moment of writing, Mrs. Hill, one of our good churchpeople, is away in hospital. We sincerely hope that by the time these notes are published Mrs. Hill will be with us again with her health fully restored.

MELBECKS

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

My Dear People,

We condemn the Jews for the materialism of their Messianic hope, and we fall into the same mistake. Is not the Christ-like protest against materialism still needed? It is needed socially, lest men content themselves with a heaven made up of parks, good houses and good wages. It is needed in each separate life, lest one of us become more anxious about his money than about his morals, about his social position than about his character, about his body than about his soul.

Ruskin tells the grim story of honours paid to a dead Scythian chief—how he was carried to friends' houses and feasted with all honours. How would we like these honours to be paid to us, not when dead, but whilst knowing that our life was fading from us—would you take the offer? Yet many grasp it! Every man accepts it who desires to advertise in life without knowing what life is: who means only that he is to get more money and more public honour, and—**not** more personal soul!

The inner man must live, if life is to be anything better than the shadow of death. And the life of that man is Christ. Christ must be believed in—"Crede et manducasti" ("Believe and thou hast eaten"—St. Augustine). This is the nourishment of the essential part of us, the secret of a life that shall be vigorous and deathless.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT CHANNING.

Sale of Work. Wednesday, 19th May, at 2 p.m. in Low Row Institute. Mrs. T. Armstrong has kindly promised to open the sale.

Whit Sunday Services. 8 Holy Eucharist; 11 Matins; 6-30 Evensong.

Messrs. W. Raine and F. Barkas presented the year's accounts, which leave a satisfactory balance in hand. It is hoped to instal an electric blower for the organ.

Illumination Thought. No thought of ignorance can darken the light of the spirit in me. My eyes are opened, and I see the truth.

Healing Thought. The spirit that healed at the command of Jesus is available to me.

Mission Services

- May 2nd—Healaugh.
- May 9th—Gunnarside.
- May 16th—Healaugh.
- May 23rd—Gunnarside.
- May 30th—Healaugh.

MUKER

Dear Friends,

Easter is once again a memory of the past. A day of bright sunshine enhanced the cheerful and tasteful decorations of our homely church, which gained warm approval from friends and visitors. Good companies at the services enabled us to enter into the joy of this Christian Festival of victory over death.

More bereavements in the parish have reminded us of the need of the message of Easter. Death on March 26th of John Cherry, aged 72, of Grainholme. A well known and highly respected member of our community. To his widow and all the members of his family we offer our deepest sympathy. On March 31st the death of Edmund Clarkson, of Fry House, at the early age of 41, was a sad bereavement for the family, and especially for his beloved wife after only some fifteen months of married life. A bonnie baby girl remains to give some comfort to the young widow. The wide-spread concern and sympathy of many was shown by the numbers present at the funeral services at Keld and Muker on April 4th, as we all mourned the loss of a brave, cheerful friend in his middle manhood. The death of Geo. Alderson on 19th April, aged 94, took to rest another veteran of Gunnarside after a very long full life of useful honest work on the shoe-maker's last and a cheerful part with the Swaledale singers. We offer our deepest sympathy to his family, and especially to those who have given him every care in his latter days.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. G. W. Guy, of Richmond. We trust that hospital treatment will soon bring relief to him and comfort to his family. We are glad to hear that Mrs. T. Brown, of Horrabank, after many weeks of suffering, has safely passed through an operation which has brought relief from continuous pain.

Birth. On April 14th a son to Mr. and Mrs. Bousefield at the Y.H.A. Hostel, Keld. We were very pleased to meet Mrs. A. F. Mee and Joan when on a visit to Keld, which was their home from 1935 to 1942.

Parish Church. Evening Service will continue to be held at 6-30 during the summer. Our Lenten Offerings for C.M.S. amounted to £2 10s. 0d. Many thanks to the donors. A thought for farmers and other friends: "The best work a man can do for the land is the work that lies under his nose with the tools that lie under his hand".

Your sincere friend,

A. DUNGWORTH.

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